

Hobart E. Payne informed mem-

Shue Case Record Closes With Death Of Anderson Jones

LEWISBURG, W. Va., July 11—
(Special)—The death on June 17
of Anderson Jones, 76, one of
Lewisburg's oldest citizens, closed
the record book on the famous
Shue Murder Case which attracted
wide attention some sixty years
ago.

Jones, then a boy in his teens,
was the main witness against Shue
who was convicted of having
killed his wife in their home in
the Richlands, several miles west
of Lewisburg. Shue, a blacksmith,
insisted that Anderson Jones go to
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Mrs. Shue lying dead at the bot-
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After the funeral, Mrs. Shue's
mother saw her daughter in a
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that finally the body was disin-
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woman had been murdered. Shue
accused Anderson Jones of having
killed his wife. It is said that
Jones' testimony was given calm-
ly and honestly, and could not be
shaken. Shue was found guilty and
sentenced to the penitentiary for
life.

The Shue case has been written
up for many newspapers and mag-
azines and has been the basis of
several pieces of fiction. Many
writers doing research interviewed
Jones over the years. His mind
remained clear in spite of ill
health and he had a clear and
vivid memory of every facet of
the unusual crime.

Anderson Jones was born in a
log cabin west of Lewisburg in
1876. For many years he lived in
a log cabin in the back yard of
the home of the late Mr. Sam
Beard and his sister, Miss Emma
Beard, in Lewisburg. The cabin
had been built as living quarters
for slaves owned by Miss Beard's
grandmother.

He was always very loyal to the
Beards, and worked faithfully
for them when his services were
required until his health became
bad, when he had to work "off
and on," as he expressed it.

Eventually he moved into a
house in town, and, when it was
torn down to make way for im-
proved buildings, Miss Emma
Beard found another house for
Anderson.

He died quietly on Wednesday,
June 17, after a long illness. His
funeral was held in the Methodist
Church in Lewisburg and he was
buried in Clintonville.

Source not recorded

*article slipped by
Lant Rader Slaven*

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1952 Last Chapter of Lewisburg Case

(By J. W. Benjamin.)

The death on June 17 of Anderson Jones, 76, one of Lewisburg's oldest and most respected Negro citizens, closed the record book on the famous Shue murder case, which attracted wide attention some 60 years ago.

Jones, then a boy in his 'teens, was the main witness against Shue who was convicted of having killed his wife in their home in the Richlands, several miles west of Lewisburg. Shue, a blacksmith, insisted that Anderson Jones go to his home on an errand early one morning, and the youth found Mrs. Shue lying dead at the bottom of the steps.

After the funeral, Mrs. Shue's mother saw her daughter in a vision and was told Shue had murdered his wife. So insistent was the mother in her accusations that finally the body was disinterred and it was discovered the woman had been murdered. Shue accused Anderson Jones of having killed her.

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Eventually he moved into a house
in town, and, when it was torn
down to make way for improved
buildings, Miss Emma Beard found
another home for Anderson.

He passed away quietly on Wed-
nesday, June 17, after a long ill-
ness. His funeral was held in the
John Wesley Methodist Church in
Lewisburg and he was laid to rest
in a beautiful spot in Clintonville.

Anderson Jones will always be re-
membered by those who knew him as
an honest, loyal, dignified citizen
of the community.

*The above belongs
at the end of
the Shue story*

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once being certain in her mind that heart failure had been the cause of death. Then one night near the mystic hour of twelve she was awakened by a noise in the little cabin. Peering through the darkness, she saw an unreal form, ghostly yet lifelike enough to be recognizable.

Ghost Testifies.

The apparition seemed about to speak to the mother, but when Mrs. Heaster beckoned with her hand beseechingly, the form vanished. Now Mrs. Heaster resumed her fervent prayers, praying long and earnestly for Zona to return and explain the circumstances of her death. Again the prayers were answered. Zona again appeared and talked freely with her mother. She told her mother that the entire story of her death would be explained.

The third and fourth visits were made before the whole of the story became known to Mrs. Heaster, and now the mother was positive that Edward S. Shue was a murderer of the blackest sort. But much in the same manner as it might be thought of today, there were skeptics. Neighbors listened kindly enough, but shook their heads in a puzzled way, when she sought a method of entrapping the murderer. County authorities advised her to dismiss the happening as a mere dream that had been brought on by sorrow.

Prosecuting Attorney Convinced.

But Mrs. Heaster was not easily discouraged. She convinced her brother-in-law, Johnson Heaster

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But Mrs. Hester was not easily discouraged. She convinced her brother-in-law, Johnson Hester, of the story, and Johnson made a trip over the mountains to talk with Edward Shue. The ensuing conversation made the convictions of the mother and uncle ever more concrete. They then talked with little Andy Jones and Aunt Martha, and neighbors who had been at the house. They were firmly convinced that foul play had been done by Zona's husband.

Together they journeyed into peaceful, sleepy Lewisburg, the county seat to talk to Prosecuting Attorney John A. Preston. The strange tale had spread as an epidemic before them and Preston had already heard of their mission. For ghost stories are legend and belong to the simple folk, and educated minds give no credence to the happenings of the supernatural.

This mother then related to Attorney Preston the weird four dreams in which her dead daughter arose from the grave to tell how she had been murdered. Fantastic, yes, Preston thought, but Mrs. Hester's story was so credible and sincere, that he listened intently. For several hours they thrashed out the case and when the conference was over, Preston was too convinced. The wheels of justice began slowly to grind towards their inevitable end—punishment.

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Doctor Open To Suggestion.

John Preston began an investigation
that was to bring out one of the strang-
est trials in the history of West Vir-
ginia courts. He first talked to Dr. J.
M. Knapp, who admitted readily that
his verdict of heart failure could have
been wrong. Yes, she had been ill,
but certain things in regard to her
death had given even the country doc-
tor suspicions that he could not explain.
It was agreed then an autopsy must
be made at once to determine whether
or not Mrs. Heaster's dreams had
truth behind them. If it were not true,
at least the mother would be relieved
of the weight on her mind.
The following day Attorney Preston
and Dr. Knapp made the long journey
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to talk to Shue, and to inform him
that an autopsy was to be made. Shue
was ordered in a legal manner to ac-
company the men back to the mountain
grave. In addition they took along
Aunt Martha Jones, and son, Andy.

Loud and long were the protests of
the mighty blacksmith but he did not
dare refuse to go with them to the
mound of hard earth covering his
wife's coffin. It has been related that
he kept muttering during the journey,
"I don't know what in the name of
God they are taking her up for. They
are not going to find anything."

(Continued Next Week)

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The Greenbrier Ghost.

A Ghost Figured in Trial of Edward S

(Story in Nicholas County News Leader for country fo
reprinted by permission.)

FIRST OF THREE PARTS.

It was just before the turn of our present century that a ghost stalked the county of Greenbrier, pointing his accusing finger at a man on trial for murder of his wife. The bony finger pointed and the jury found the man guilty, the judge gave him life in the state prison where he died in his cell some years later. In this age where the supernatural is fit only for scoffing, it might do well to remember a story that is still to be found in the court records at Lewisburg, Greenbrier county, in West Virginia.

Many strange things happen 'neath the dark of the November Moon, when the earth becomes barren, and lies hard and lifeless waiting the onset of winter. There are many occurrences that become legends because men of science lack an explanation, but none is more strange than the ghost that returned

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Do sometimes miracles happen that bring to light dark crimes that would have remained secret but for the miracle? Is there such a thing as a vision? Do the dead ever return? Those, of a scientific mind scoff at such fancies yet the dream testimony of a mother brought about the arrest and subsequent conviction of a man who undoubtedly murdered his wife.

Fifty years ago Edward S. Shue was convicted in the Greenbrier county courthouse at Lewisburg for the murder of his wife. Only a short half-a-century back, a jury accepted the dream testimony of the girl's mother, Mrs. Mary J. Heaster, that was to bring the murderer's untimely death.

This is the strange story which has its beginning in old Meadow Bluff district of Greenbrier county in the autumn of 1896. Edward S. Shue had but recently moved into the county, being a former resident of Pocahontas county. He was a man of great strength, and he must have presented a striking feature as he pounded out horseshoes on the anvil at the blacksmith shop of James Crookshanks where

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Happy Marriage.

Young Zona Heaster, a member of a poor, but respected family was dark-eyed, brown-haired attractive and romantic. Despite the fact that he had two previous wives, both of whom had died suddenly, she fell madly in love with the brawny blacksmith. It was one of those whirlwind courtships, which were not common at that time, and in November of that fall of 1896, Zona and Edward were united in marriage. It was related that Zona's mother had some misgivings and made mild protestations, but that the dark-haired Zona was determined that this man should be her husband. The marriage took place at the old Methodist church in Leivasy's Mill.

They moved at once after the wedding to a small two-story frame house a short distance from the blacksmith shop. Seemingly it was a happy match. Zona had been well instructed as a

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They moved at once after the wedding to a small two-story frame house a short distance from the blacksmith shop. Seemingly it was a happy match. Zona had been well instructed as a housekeeper, and the tiny home shone with cleanness, and she was known far and wide for her "baking powder" biscuits, and her berry cobbles.

Wife Becomes Ill.

This was the point when Fate stepped in in the form of tragedy with a crime that was to throw into furor the people of the county. Shortly after Christmas, a happy time of the year

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Trial of Edward S. Shue for Murder

Leader for country folks, Mrs. Shue became ill. For several weeks Dr. C. M. Knapp, a pioneer doctor in the community, administered to her sickness. Edward Shue appeared to every one to be quite mindful of his wife's condition, and was extremely thoughtful in caring for her. There was no suspicion of the dark thoughts that must have been in his mind.

Early on the morning of January 22, Shue dropped over to the house of Aunt Martha Jones, a colored woman, to ask if her boy, Anderson could go up to his house and take care of a few chores around the place for Mrs. Shue, who was too ill to be up and about.

Aunt Martha told Shue that Andy must make a trip to Dr. Knapps for her, and finish his own chores for her. Then, if that was all right, he would go to the Shue home. It is said that Shue seemed to resent the fact that Andy could not go immediately, but insisted that he go as soon as he could. Later in the day he returned to see if Andy was ready to go yet. Finally at one o'clock the little negro boy agreed to run his errand.

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Youth Discovers Body.

As Andy approached the house, he afterwards told that he had the premonition that something was amiss, and with superstition of his race, he felt something that did not make him comfortable. The doors were closed and the place was as still as death. Then Andy stopped up short, trembling. There was a trail of blood across the porch. But he continued on and knocked on the door. There was no answer. Finding it unlatched he entered cautiously. Walking slowly through the kitchen he saw that the trail of blood continued. Then he reached the dining room door which was also closed.

As the small colored youth went through the dining room door, he came near falling over the body of Mrs. Shue. Old tales say that she was looking up with wide brown eyes and that she seemed to be laughing. Although Andy was no doubt weak with fear, he reached down and shook the body. It was cold and stiff.

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Probably in a matter of seconds, a
frightened colored boy was running
over the frozen fields, calling, "Aunt
Martha! Aunt Martha, Missus Shue's
dead!"

Aunt Martha put out for the Shue
house immediately while Andy went on
in his panic down the road to the shop
to tell Mr. Shue. The blacksmith
then uttered a cry and broke into a
run across the fields to home. Andy
ran on for Dr. Knapp.

Doctor Examies Body.

When Dr. Knapp reached the house
sometime later, he found that Shue
had taken his wife from the floor, had
placed her on the bed, and was crying
over her to come back all the time
holding her head in his hands.

It went unnoticed at the time, but
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to tell Mr. Shue. The blacksmith
then uttered a cry and broke into a
run across the fields to home. Andy
ran on for Dr. Knapp.

Doctor Examies Body.

When Dr. Knapp reached the house
sometime later, he found that Shue
had taken his wife from the floor, had
placed her on the bed, and was crying
over her to come back all the time
holding her head in his hands.

It went unnoticed at the time, but
very strangely, Shue had dressed Zona,
placing one of those old fashioned
high, stiff collars around her neck and
holding it in place with a scarf.

The doctor began his explanation to
determine whether or not Mrs. Shue
was still alive. While the examina-
tion was taking place, the grief strick-
en Shue continually held his wife's
head. Finally the good doctor arose
from his work and said, "It is an ever-
lasting faint. Her heart has failed."

There was no postponement of the
funeral, the next morning Zona's body
accompanied by her husband and a
few neighbors, wended its way over
the mountain to the home of the 'no-
ther, Mrs. Mary J. Heaster. On a black,
dreary Monday she was interred in the
little family graveyard on the side
of a bleak mountain. Shue, it was af-
terwards remembered, never once left
the side of his dead wife in the pres-
ence of others. When by the coffin

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terwards remembered, never once left
the side of his dead wife in the pres-
ence of others. When by the coffin,
he allowed no one to come near, not
even the sorrowful mother. He stood
guard near the head of the home made
box, and oddly enough placed a sheet
and some other materials on either side
of her head.

For several days after the funeral,
Mrs. Heaster prayed constantly seeking
the real solution of the death, never

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once being certain in her mind that heart failure had been the cause of death. Then one night near the mystic hour of twelve she was awakened by a noise in the little cabin. Peering through the darkness, she saw an unreal form, ghostly yet lifelike enough to be recognizable.

Ghost Testifies.

The apparition seemed about to speak to the mother, but when Mrs. Heaster beckoned with her hand beseechingly, the form vanished. Now Mrs. Heaster resumed her fervent prayers, praying long and earnestly for Zona to return and explain the circumstances of her death. Again the prayers were answered. Zona again appeared and talked freely with her mother. She told her mother that the entire story of her death would be explained.

The third and fourth visits were made before the whole of the story became known to Mrs. Heaster, and now the mother was positive that Edward S. Shue was a murderer of the blackest sort. But much in the same manner as it might be thought of today, there were skeptics. Neighbors listened kindly enough, but shook their

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Prosecuting Attorney Convinced.

But Mrs. Heaster was not easily discouraged. She convinced her brother-in-law, Johnson Heaster, of the story, and Johnson made a trip over the mountains to talk with Edward Shue. The ensuing conversation made the convictions of the mother and uncle ever more concrete. They then talked with little Andy Jones and Aunt Martha, and neighbors who had been at the house. They were firmly convinced that foul play had been done by Zona's husband.

Together they journeyed into peaceful, sleepy Lewisburg, the county seat to talk to Prosecuting Attorney John A. Preston. The strange tale had spread as an epidemic before them and

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Together they journeyed into peaceful, sleepy Lewisburg, the county seat to talk to Prosecuting Attorney John A. Preston. The strange tale had spread as an epidemic before them and Preston had already heard of their mission. For ghost stories are legend and belong to the simple folk, and educated minds give no credence to the happenings of the supernatural.

This mother then related to Attorney Preston the weird four dreams in which her dead daughter arose from the grave to tell how she had been murdered. Fantastic, yes, Preston thought, but Mrs. Heaster's story was so credible and sincere, that he listened intently. For several hours they threshed out the case and when the conference was over, Preston was too, convinced. The wheels of justice began slowly to grind towards their inevitable end—Punishment.

Doctor Open To Suggestion.

John Preston began an investigation

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Doctor Open To Suggestion.

John Preston began an investigation
that was to bring out one of the strang-
est trials in the history of West Vir-
ginia courts. He first talked to Dr. J.
M. Knapp, who admitted readily that
his verdict of heart failure could have
been wrong. Yes, she had been ill,
but certain things in regard to her
death had given even the country doc-
tor suspicions that he could not explain.
It was agreed then an autopsy must
be made at once to determine whether
or not Mrs. Heaster's dreams had
truth behind them. If it were not true,
at least the mother would be relieved
of the weight on her mind.

The following day Attorney Preston
and Dr. Knapp made the long journey
over the mountains to Livesay's Mill
to talk to Shue, and to inform him
that an autopsy was to be made. Shue
was ordered in a legal manner to ac-
company the men back to the mountain
grave. In addition they took along
Aunt Martha Jones, and son, Andy.

Loud and long were the protests of
the mighty blacksmith but he did not
dare refuse to go with them to the
mound of hard earth covering his
wife's coffin. It has been related that
he kept muttering during the journey,
"I don't know what in the name of
God they are taking her up for. They
are not going to find anything."

(Continued Next Week)

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John Wesley Met
Lewisburg and he
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